

Victoria Street Newz February 2014

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Canada Post's recent announcement that they intend to end door to door delivery has shocked many. After all, Canada would be the first industrialized country to do so. Every other G8 country seems to be able to deliver their mail from door to door, but Canada Post has other plans.

The Harper government and their lackeys at Canada Post would have you believe that mail delivery is no longer financially viable. In fact, the company has only lost money once this century, and that was the year they decided to lock out their workers.

A quick look at the numbers shows that their arguments just don't add up.

The Canada Post Group made a before tax profit of 127 million dollars in 2012; after 2011's lock out and after being forced to settle a 200+ million dollar lawsuit they posted a loss of 327 million dollars; in 2010 they made a profit of 443 million dollars; in 2009 the corporation had a net profit of 281 million dollars.

Anyone can see these numbers for themselves in the financial reports on Canada Post's website. Year after year, Canada Post makes profit, and yet year after year they cry poor. For postal workers, this is nothing new; it is the same old song and dance.

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Having been challenged on the profitability of the corporation, Canada Post has scrambled to find a new excuse for eliminating door to door delivery. The new line is that the Canada Post Pension Plan is running a 6.5 billion dollar solvency deficit, forcing them to make these changes. This argument is patently absurd.

It is true that there is a solvency deficit with the Canada Post Pension Plan, but what does this mean exactly? It means that if Canada Post were to suddenly disappear, the pension plan would be 6.5 billion dollars short of being able to pay everyone's pension.

In short, this is only a hypothetical scenario designed to test the stability of the plan. Other pension plans are not forced to meet this test and many would not pass it. On a going concern basis, Canada Post's pension plan has no problem meeting its obligations.

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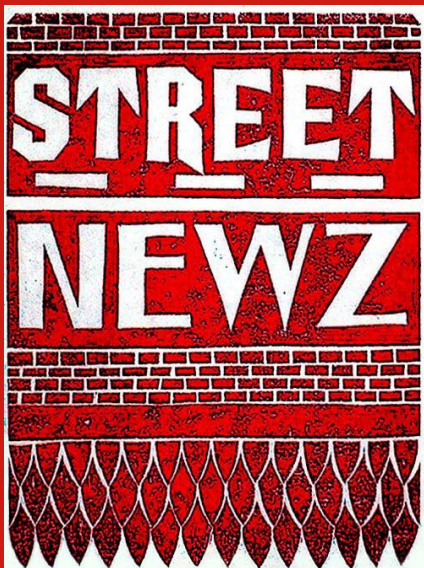
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Krista Reasingsh

companies, First Nations, labour and community representatives" along with her. A news release from the provincial government gushed "British Columbia and its natural gas potential are the talk of Asia."

Hydraulic fracturing (aka fracking), is already underway in northern BC. It's an inherently dangerous way to break rock formations deep underground to extract oil and gas. A single well requires between two and nine million gallons of water that's been combined with sand and chemicals. A lot of the water returns to the earth's surface, carrying cancer-causing radioactive substances including radium and bromides which can then float into lakes and rivers or contaminate the ground. If you haven't yet seen the documentary "Gasland," I recommend you sign up for your free Netflix month (Netflix.com) and watch it immediately.

Capitalists in governments all over the world, the ones in collusion with big oil and gas, the ones who refuse to support earth friendly energy options like solar and wind power (because you can't buy and sell the sun and wind), the ones who refuse to live or encourage lower-energy lifestyles, they're allowing the destruction of our earth and the poisoning of our collective water supply by way of fracking. This is what the uprising in New Brunswick was all about last year. A Texas based corporation, Southwestern Energy (SWN), wanted to move onto indigenous Mi'kmaq territory to begin a fracking exploration process, and the brave warriors who blocked their way were met with state sanctioned violence. The people stood up to the corporation, and were beaten down by a tax dollar funded government, court system, police, and national media.

Anti-fracking uprisings are happening all over the world where corporate capitalist earth destroyers are attempting to move in. Last October activists from 26 countries (including Canada, the USA, Spain, Romania, England, France, Ireland, Mexico, Australia, New Zealand, Indonesia) participated in 250 protests to say NO to fracking. There are some victories - SWN has agreed to stay away from New Brunswick until 2015. Fracking has been delayed in South Africa and Ireland, and the Netherlands and the Czech Republic have passed a moratoria on fracking altogether.

You might argue that we need energy, we've become accustomed to a certain standard of living and who are we to deny these comforts to others in the world? It's a good question. What kind of lifestyle can 7 billion people reasonably expect from a single planet? And which people are able to enjoy it?

Obviously Christy and her ilk live quite differently from those of us with low or fixed incomes. Their high-income, high-energy lifestyles, propped up by their austerity measures, have stripped us of our social programs, leaving BC with the highest child poverty rate in Canada. Ask the poorest among us, who've been outside through these cold months, they'll tell you all they want is a roof overhead, some warmth, and nutritious food. They don't need a second home, or another, bigger, new car. Whose lifestyles will this new energy support? Certainly not the homeless, and definitely not the people living downstream from the poisoned fracking water.

We need to oppose fracking in every way possible - by writing letters, getting out to the next protest, denying them access. We can also think of ways (and any decent government might also encourage us, in these times) to live more mindfully. We can embrace the profoundly enlightening philosophy of voluntary simplicity, reduce our own personal energy consumption, set a good example for the rest of the world. Many in the world are, after all, clambering to embrace the energy rich western lifestyle with its meat heavy diets. It's unhealthy for them, for us, for all life on the planet.

don't frack for me

janinebandcroft.blogspot.com

There are many simple things we can all do to live more gently and feel more healthy and empowered, in 2014 and beyond, by examining our daily addictions:

1. The Coffee Addiction. Many people joke that they MUST begin their day with coffee. How much do you know about those beans? Were they picked by children working long hours in the hot sun? Were they grown using pesticides and herbicides? Are they genetically engineered? Or were they purchased at a fair price, from an organic farm where people work and live cooperatively? Is your favourite coffee shop locally owned, or are revenues leaving the community for a corporate head office far away? Do you drink from a reusable mug, or are you regularly contributing to a daily waste pile of discarded trees and oil-based plastic lids?

2. The Coke Addiction. Do you know that the Coca Cola corporation has been accused of violence, intimidation, kidnapping, torture and murder of union leaders and members of their families in various countries around the world, especially Central America? Do you know that they're draining public groundwater in India and elsewhere, turning farming communities into deserts? Is this a corporate policy you wish to support?

3. The Paper Addiction. Do you really need to print that? Can you ditch your printer, share with a neighbour, or print on the tree-free paper at ZAP in UVic's SUB? What do you blow your nose into? Can you trade the tissue for a good old fashioned washable handkerchief? How about washable cotton hygiene pads, and diapers, rather than the plastic bleached stuff that's filling the landfills and washing onto shorelines? Can you wipe up kitchen messes with a cloth rather than paper towels? Carry bags to the grocery store, resist excessive packaging by buying in bulk? And if you do generate a pile of "waste," why not find the closest mobile plastics pickup (pmdrecycling.com) and make an effort to get it into the recycle, rather than landfill, stream.

4. The Animal Protein Addiction. Animal agriculture is entirely unnecessary and requires huge amounts of land, water, and energy resources. Consider your privilege. Do you have the right to unnecessarily live off the torture and/or murder of sentient beings? Release your speciesist attitudes, recognize and honour the life energy of all sentient beings, learn to recognize and refuse products with animal ingredients, and begin to shop instead for animal friendly items free of leather, wool, and silk.

5. The Car Addiction: Why not park it once in a while, or at least shut the engine off when you're stopped somewhere. You might sell (one of) yours and instead share a car with a neighbour or through the car share cooperative (victoriacarshare.ca), hire a cab, walk, take the bus, cycle, roller blade, skateboard.

6. The Penny Pinching Addiction. Sure, it costs a bit more to buy local, organic, non-corporate, non-gmo. But by refusing to endorse the sweat-shop overseas labour and instead supporting local retailers and farmers, you're keeping money in the community, putting it into your neighbour's (rather than some impersonal corporation's) pockets.

7. The Media Addiction. Turn off the corporate and state media once in a while, and check out the more independent sources. You might be surprised what you learn, *and* what you don't! There are plenty of us, sharing on Facebook and Twitter, posting at Rabble.ca or CommonSenseCanadian.ca or TheTyee.ca or PacificFreePress.com or DemocracyNow.org. Liberate your mind, watch what happens to your brain when it's not shaped by the news the corporate advertisers or the capitalist governments endorse. Find alternative sources you trust, and then support them.

8. The Tool and Appliance Addiction: Does every household need its own washer & dryer, lawnmower, leaf blower? Can we build communities with a localized utility centre, remember how to share, and get to know our neighbours?

Over the holidays, I was introduced as a "radical vegan." I used to take pride in the "radical" label but now I wonder ... why is a lifestyle endorsing torture, slavery, and murder considered "normal," while people like me, taking the gentle route, are considered "radical?"

They used to say "when the people lead, the leaders will follow." I don't know that there's any hope for the so-called "leaders," but I know I'd rather live like me than like them.

Janine resists the us/them dichotomy, realizing we're all energy manifesting from within the oneness of creation, but after nearly 20 years of activism she sees clearly the uniqueness that each individual's actions reveals.



Photo: Ossie Michelin

Canada Post is not on life support it is being murdered

by Mike Palacek, continued from cover

Federal regulations require that Canada Post make special payments over a period of five years in order to eliminate the solvency deficit. But Canada Post has just been given a four year reprieve from these payments. This means that this pension deficit will not cost them a dime for at least four years. Again, their talking points do not hold water.

What's more, the only reason for this solvency deficit is the federal government's policy of keeping interest rates low to stimulate the economy. The Canada Post Pension Plan had no problems before interest rates hit historic lows. Rates will not stay this low forever and just a two per cent rise in interest rates would solve this problem. It is likely that the solvency deficit in the pension plan will take care of itself.

Canada Post is creating a crisis to justify its agenda. They talk of saving money with this plan, but they aren't being forthcoming with the costs of implementing it.

How much will it cost to purchase, install and maintain community mailboxes for over 5,000,000 addresses? How about the thousands of new vehicles they will need to purchase, insure and maintain? Are they going to need a capital injection from the government, or do they plan to borrow more money as they did to finance their two billion dollar failure they call the Modern Post?

Canada Post's main talking point is that they don't want to become a burden on tax payers. Notice that this in itself is an admission that they are presently not a burden on tax payers -- quite the opposite!

Canada Post Corporation has actually returned one billion dollars to the federal government over the last decade in the form of dividends and corporate taxes. But what neither the Conservatives nor the corporation seem to want to admit is that eliminating 8,000 letter carrier jobs will cost the federal government as much as 50 million dollars a year in personal income tax. That isn't counting the spinoff effects of good jobs being eliminated in communities across the country.

It is funny that the right wing defends trickle-down economic theories when they are justifying profits, but refuse to apply the same arguments to the economic impact of cuts.

The Conservative government has insisted that the only option for Canada Post is cuts. They refuse to entertain the idea of expanding services to bring in additional revenue as post offices around the world have done. This is because of an ideologically entrenched idea that a crown corporation shouldn't

do anything that the private sector is capable of doing.

This nonsense is the reason they refuse to consider postal banking as a viable alternative, despite a recent report from Canadian Centre for Policy Alternatives explaining multiple options for how they could do just that. This is the reason they refuse to sell a broader range of products in their stores, despite having the largest retail network in the country. The Harper government is more concerned with protecting the profits of private companies than ensuring the viability of the public post office.

Why would Canada Post want to impose such measures on itself if they weren't absolutely necessary? It is no secret that Stephen Harper isn't a big fan of the public sector. So when he needed a new CEO for this crown corporation, he hired the head of the Canada and Latin America division of Pitney Bowes.

For those who are not familiar with Pitney Bowes, they are the largest private mail supply company in the world. They are also a company that specializes in picking up the pieces of privatized postal services. Earlier this year, Pitney Bowes published a study urging the privatization of the United States Postal Service, and have been lobbying heavily to do exactly that.

Now, one of their top bosses is running Canada Post. His predecessor, Moya Greene was also a privatization expert. She oversaw the privatization of CN Rail before coming to Canada Post, but she moved on to the Royal Mail in the UK before she could finish the job here. The Royal Mail has just been privatized.

Canada Post CEO Deepak Chopra was not hired to fix the post office; he was hired to destroy it. The simple truth is that the public post office is one of the most valuable assets in the country. It occupies prime real estate in every city in Canada. Its retail network is the largest in the country, with over 6,000 locations. Its distribution network is also the largest in Canada, with thousands of delivery vans and tractor-trailers.

The private sector is salivating at the prospect of getting their hands on this network precisely because of the money they could make with it. But in order to do this, they first need to slash the service and push it over a financial cliff. When they finally move to privatize Canada Post, they want to get it cheap.

Mike Palecek is a National Union Representative with Canadian Union of Postal Workers (CUPW). This article was originally published at Rabble.ca and is reprinted with permission.

Agricultural Land: Let's Not Lose It!

by Corky Evans



Imagine that you might, someday, want to farm for a living. Or imagine your kids might want to farm, or your grandkids. All over the world such dreams become harder and harder to achieve as land capable of supporting crops is paved over for roads or built into shopping centers or houses or is used for industry.

In B.C. during the 1960's and early 70's, we lost 6,000 acres of farmland every year to subdivisions and other non-farm activities. In 1972 there was a provincial election and farmers came together to ask all of the Parties to do something about the preservation of farmland before it was all gone. Every Party responded to those concerns by talking about various solutions they might enact should they win the election.

In 1973 the new Government created the Agricultural Land Reserve to protect land capable of producing food. The new law was tough, and owners of land who wanted the right to sell it for subdivision or some other use were surprised and angry. Surprised because such zoning laws are rare in the whole world, and angry because if they ever decided to stop farming, they would only be able to sell their land as farmland (not to developers from whom they could make much more money).

But the people of B.C. liked the idea of protecting farmland and, surprisingly, the law has remained on the books and functioning for four decades. Thus, if you or your kids or your grandkids want to farm someday, or if you want to be able to buy food from people who live and farm near you, B.C. is a good place to live to make those dreams come true.

The outfit responsible for supervising the Agricultural Land Reserve is called the Agricultural Land Commission and it is a group of people appointed by whoever is the Government of the day. They have the very hard job of receiving applications from owners of farmland for various uses and deciding what is good for the protection of farming and what is not.

Back in the late 1990's I was honoured to be the Minister of Agriculture. My friend John van Dongen was the Opposition Critic of Agriculture for the Liberal Party.

One day John rose in the Legislature and accused me of Conflict of Interest in a case being considered by the Agricultural Land Commission. Conflict is a serious charge. A Minister can, and should, lose their job if they are guilty of Conflict. Even just the accusation of Conflict implies the possibility of a serious breach.

I could tell from John's expression as he raised the issue that he didn't believe his claim to be true. And I knew it wasn't true and, later, the Conflict of Interest Commissioner would research the charge and find it wasn't true.

While I was not, legally, guilty of wrongdoing or Conflict, John's accusation was, nevertheless, justified. My point is that the relationship between any Government of British Columbia and the Agricultural Land Commission is always

fraught with difficulty. Provincial Ministers charged with representing the interests of the Crown are, under any administration, frequently skating on the edge of real Conflict in their dealings with the Commission.

But it cannot be otherwise. The Agricultural Land Commission is charged with doing the work of the Angels in protecting land capable of producing food from development. Conversely, the Government of the Province is charged with doing the work of the Devil in trying to make development happen in order to sustain an economy and employ people and get themselves re-elected. The interests of the two are at odds with each other even in times when the Government of the day is supportive of the Agricultural Land Reserve in principle.

I live and produce food on land that I purchased prior to the creation of the ALR and still own. I love the Agricultural Land Reserve and hugely admire the politicians who had the guts and the foresight to put it into law so many decades ago.

When I had the honour to serve as Minister of Agriculture of B.C. I received separate visits from farmers from Ontario, Alberta, Tennessee and New Mexico who traveled all the way to our Province to ask our advice. They all wanted to know how they might develop a similar law to protect their livelihood, threatened as it was by various forms of encroachment into farmland by other interests.

In every case I had to tell them that I did not know how they could enact such legislation in the face of modern pressures that would oppose them.

I also told them that if they could achieve sufficient political will to consider such legislation we would, of course, assist them in any way we could to write or to debate such legislation. But, I said, sufficient political will in this day and age was hard to imagine. If we hadn't seen fit to pass the law protecting farmland in 1973 there is no way we could manage to do so now.

Such is the debt that we, British Columbians, owe to those who made the ALR in the 1970's. It was possible then to consider such a vision, policy and law. It is almost unfathomable today to imagine a government, anywhere, achieving a similar objective.

A few years ago, a B.C. organization that speaks for corporatist values, the Fraser Institute, commissioned a report calling for an end to the Agricultural Land Reserve. The report disparages both Canadian farmers and consumers of food who desire to purchase food produced locally. The report is online and it is worth reading to understand that your dreams or your values may run counter to those of some

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Save the ALR!

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people with a great deal of power in our society.

(“The BC Agricultural Land Reserve: A Critical Assessment” can be downloaded at <http://www.fraserinstitute.org/WorkArea/DownloadAsset.aspx?id=4004>)

Following the publication of that 2009 report, we had an election in B.C. While the issue of the future of the Agricultural Land Reserve was not an issue in the election, the Government that won the election appears to have decided to support the ideas of the Fraser Institute.

(for more information see these recent articles in the Tyee <http://thetyee.ca/News/2013/10/04/BC-Farmland-Protector-Cuts/> and the Globe and Mail <http://www.theglobeandmail.com/news/british-columbia/sacrosanct-agricultural-land-commission-eyed-for-breakup/article15306864/>).

That is why it is time for all of the people in the Province who produce or eat food to rise up and defend the Agricultural Land Reserve. If we weaken it now, it will die.

Although the Land Reserve may have been visionary and, therefore, hard for some people to accept way back in 1973, I think its time may have finally come. Everywhere I go people are beginning to talk about food and the quality of food and where it comes from and how it is produced. Young people, for pretty much the first time in my 65 years, are talking about wanting to learn to farm for a living. Village, town and city people are often even more interested in food issues than my neighbours in the rural area.

This might be the moment when both urban and rural people could build a coalition of consumers and producers to defend farmland and support farmers that would define public policy in B.C. for decades to come.

At this moment in history, when everyone from the Fraser Institute to the Provincial Government seems to want to do away with the ALR, or manipulate it to serve their interest, the situation reminds me of that line we hear at weddings, the one that says “Speak now or forever hold your peace.”

This is not a partisan issue. New Democrats wrote the law in 1973. It was sustained by Socreds for a quarter century. When John van Dongen rose to defend the Commission in the 90’s he was a Liberal. I know lots of farmers and discerning consumers who vote Green. One of the strongest voices in defence of the ALR in the Legislature, Vicki Huntington, is an Independent. This issue isn’t about your politics, it is about your values. Either your values, or those of the Fraser Institute.

Let’s choose to speak. Loud and from everywhere, with no urban/rural difference, in support of the Agricultural Land Reserve and in support of the producers who work that land.

And if you are moved to speak I have thoughts about how you might go about it. First, send this or some writing of your own to everyone you know who eats, gardens or farms to let them know what’s happening.

Second, take an old-fashioned pen and some paper and write your thoughts in a letter to the Premier of British Columbia. Your own thoughts. Do not bother with the Ministers whose names have been attached to this issue. Ministers are supposed to try “trial balloons” to see if they are accepted by the public. They will not be the ones who decide whether or not to mess with the Land Reserve. The Premier will make that call. Do not bother sending her an e-mail. E-mails do not make a stack on anybody’s desk. E-mails are not given the weight of a letter that you write yourself. A big stack of letters will not go unnoticed. [write to Christy Clark at Box 9041, Station PROV GOVT, Victoria, BC, Coast Salish Territories, V8W 9E1.]

This issue will be resolved, one way or another, by the spring. Now is the time to choose to speak.

Corky Evans moved to BC from the USA in 1969, a self-described war resister. Before his election to the Legislative Assembly of British Columbia, Evans worked as a stevedore, logger, tree-planter, heavy-equipment operator, first-aid attendant, and highways surveyor. By the mid-1970s, Evans had settled in the Kootenay region of southern British Columbia, and became active in local environmental and land use initiatives, particularly in developing the Slocan Valley Forest Management Project, which aimed to control logging and protect watersheds. In 1975, he became a Canadian citizen and he joined the New Democratic Party. He was elected to the Central Kootenay Regional District government, serving three consecutive terms as director and hospital board member. Photo by Janine Bandcroft - a boulevard veggie garden in Victoria.



Northern Envirowatch

by Don Startin

Things are not looking rosy on the environmental side of things.

The Enbridge Gateway Pipelines Project has been approved subject to a long list of conditions which carry no weight in law, and can be conveniently ignored or skated around when construction begins. Activists interested in helping on this front should register with Forest Action Network (wildcoast.ca), assemble your outdoor clothing and equipment, and be prepared to head for action, this spring, at the Unis’tot’en Blockade Site south of the Yellowhead Highway near Houston. The Unis’tot’en have told the settlers that no pipelines will be allowed across their unceded territory. However, keeping out helicopter equipped surveyors is not easy. Snow savvy activists are still needed, right now, to help with the winter blockade. Sure wish I was still physically up to it. My beautiful trail snowshoes gather dust in my storage locker!

Activists wanting to help out protecting the Sacred Headwaters can also register with Forest Action Network, and should be ready to make your way to Iskut/Dease Lake in late April or early May. It is my guess the Tahltan will want to have Camp Beauty up and running before Fortune Minerals put in an appearance. Unfortunately, the temporary provincial ban on coal mining exploration does not apply to them as the ecocidal Arctos Anthracite Project wends its way through the environmental assessment process. It could be a long hot summer around Mt Klappan. BC’s misguided Minister of Mines, Bill Bennett, obviously wants to get coal mining in the Headwaters as soon as possible. The “Lieberal” jobs-for-all plans are not doing well. The fact that this open pit mine will contribute significantly to global warming, pollute our three best remaining salmon rivers, and decimate one of the world’s last remaining pristine wilderness areas does not seem to phase him, or his taskmistress Crazy Christy.



On the fisheries front things go from BAD to WORSE. It makes extra depressing reading, but I want ALL, repeat ALL, my readers, who can afford it, to obtain a copy of the 2013 summer edition of *Watershed Sentinel* (available online at watershedsentinel.ca). It’ll make you want to weep. For starters write to the Federal Minister of Fisheries (www.dfo-mpo.gc.ca/index-eng.htm) demanding that the recommendations of the Cohen report (tinyurl.com/blrxhyx) be implemented. Some highlights of this issue include: Harper’s war on science, cuts to DFO scientific programs, ooligan and herring stocks take a disastrous plunge, and due to political interference from fishing interests 27 species of endangered fish have not been placed on the endangered species legal list.

We wait with baited breath the report of the environmental assessment panel on the Site C Dam, and wonder what will happen if it’s approved.

I can recommend a little book called *Earth Prayers* edited by Elizabeth Roberts and Elias Amidon. This morning I let it fall open for a quick pick for my meditation; the following little rubric appeared:

Dedication to St Barbe Barker: Father of the Trees

*Be like a tree in pursuit of your course,
stand firm, thrust upward,
Bend to the winds of heaven,
and learn tranquility.*

Don Startin is an activist and gardener, an ex-military man who currently lives a life of simplicity with his wife in Victoria, B.C. Photo by Janine Bandcroft, at one of many rallies for the earth and her creatures ignored by the elected officials, on the grounds of the BC Legislature.



Zapatistas: the wealth of dignity

by Luis Hernández Navarro

In the community of Emiliano Zapata in the caracol Whirlwind of Our Words, 30 Zapatista families work collectively. They have in common a coffee plantation, vegetable gardens and about 350 head of cattle. Its inhabitants do not receive government support of any kind, but their standard of living is much better than that of the surrounding PRI-governed settlements.

In the community there is a small cooperative shop whose proceeds go to works that people need. There, as in all the other rebel regions, the cooperative's resources are used to finance public works such as schools, hospitals, clinics, libraries or water pipes.

Throughout all the rebel territory, an autonomous system of well-being flourishes, based on a de facto land reform which prioritises the communal use of the lands and natural resources in collective work, as well as in the production of items for use, and fair trade practices in the international market.

In areas of Zapatista influence, they have been overthrowing the law of San Garabato (greed), which dictates that farmers must buy the goods they need at high prices and sell their products cheaply. It happens frequently that coyotes (abusive commercial intermediaries) find themselves forced to pay the rebel support bases higher prices for their crops, livestock and crafts than those offered to the residents who are not organised. The Zapatista cooperatives have acquired a veritable swarm of motor vehicles for moving and transporting their products.

In the rebel communities, an environmental awareness has also been developed. There agroecology is practiced and the use of chemical fertilizers has been banished. Work is done to protect the soil. There is a genuine and widespread concern for conserving forests and jungles.

As the authors of the book Very Other Struggles (Luchas muy Otras): Zapatismo and Autonomy in the Indigenous Communities of Chiapas say: "the challenges of sustainability in community production highlight the tension between the need to survive within the existing socioeconomic scheme and the project to transform that scheme." What emerges here is, rather than a Zapatista economic model, "an endogenous and diverse process of prioritising the communities as an alternative to submitting to the steamroller logic of transnational capital."

In the 27 Zapatista municipalities, alcohol is not drunk and drugs are not grown. Justice is exercised without government intervention. Rather than punishment, the focus is put on the rehabilitation of the offender. Women have taken positions and responsibilities which they undertake infrequently in rural communities.

The network of common infrastructure in education, health, agro-ecology, justice and self-government, which the insurgents have built outside State institutions, functions according to its own logic, which is plural and diverse. The Zapatista communities have trained hundreds of education and health promoters and agricultural technicians, in accordance with their own culture and identity.

All this has been achieved because the Zapatistas govern themselves and defend themselves. They have constructed their autonomy without asking permission, in the midst of an ongoing counterinsurgency campaign. They resist continual harassment from 51 military bases and from welfare programmes which seek to divide the communities in resistance by offering them crumbs.

However, towards the end of this year a smear campaign was unleashed which asserts that none of this is true. Falsely, it claims that the Zapatistas are worse off today than they were 20 years ago, that they are destroying the environment and dividing communities. This is the latest episode in a dirty war as old as the uprising itself.



The slanders do not hold up. Hundreds of public testimonies demonstrate that the accusations against the rebels have nothing to do with the reality that the slanderers spread. For example, the painter Antonio Ortiz, Gritón, was in the community of Emiliano Zapata between 11th and 16th August this year, as part of the Zapatista escuela, and documented his experience in a moving account that he put on Facebook. He was surprised to find that 30 indigenous families owned 350 head of cattle. He was part of a group of 1,700 people who attended the first Zapatista escuela that month.

Also present were Gilberto López y Rivas and Raúl Zibechi, who, in the pages of La Jornada, shared their reflections. So did the journalist Adriana Malvido in Milenio, and the dancer Algeria Guerrero in alternative publications. All stated directly how the Zapatista communities live, work, educate, heal and think.

For nearly a week, 1,700 guests were transported, housed and fed by their hosts in the communities in which they lived. Each was accompanied by a Zapatista cadre who answered their questions and concerns about their history, struggle and organizational experience, and translated indigenous languages into Spanish for them. This experience is currently being repeated, at the end of this year, and will be repeated again at the beginning of 2014.

An educational initiative of this magnitude, different from the traditional pedagogy, can only be sustained through the existence of communities with a material base capable of accommodating guests, an organization with the skill and discipline to operate such an ambitious project, and thousands of political cadres with training to explain their daily lives and their proposal for social transformation.

From below, the Zapatistas are changing the world. Their life today is very different from what it was 20 years ago. It is much better. Over the past two decades, they have given themselves a dignified life, liberated, full of meaning, outside government institutions. They are not just doing it in a few isolated communities; they are doing it in hundreds of them established over a wide area. There is, in this laboratory of political transformation and liberation, much to learn and much to be thankful for.

Luis blogs at dorsetchiapassolidarity.wordpress.com. This article was published at www.indymedia.org.uk, and is reprinted under the Open Content license which encourages the sharing of information for non-commercial purposes. Photo is from Roar Magazine (roarmag.org).

14 Reasons for Opposing Sochi 2014

The Sochi Olympics of 2014 will be the 150th commemorative year of the Circassian Genocide. Choosing Sochi as the site of the Winter Olympics, in such an auspicious year for the Russians, represents the perpetual celebration of Imperial Russia's oppression and systematic murder of the Circassian People. Building the Olympic Village over the mass graves of the victims symbolizes the virtual erasing of this atrocity!

1. The Circassian Genocide, still unrecognized by Russia and hidden from the civilized World, was the intentional attempt to erase the indigenous people of Circassia. The Olympic Stadiums and village are being built upon the mass graves of the ruthlessly murdered Circassians during the Genocide.

2. Krasnaya Palana (named "The Red Hill" by the Russian troops for the amount of Circassian blood spilled) will be the center of the 2014 Olympic Games and the place where, on May 21, 1864, Russian troops celebrated the end of the war with the Circassians which claimed the lives of 1.5 million men, women, and children - over 50% of the entire population of the time!

3. Sochi, Circassia's capital, is the point of exile of over one million Circassians.

4. Nearly 90% of the remaining Circassian population lives outside their homeland, which is the largest Diaspora proportionally of any nation in the world. Circassians do not have right of return.

5. Circassians worldwide oppose Sochi as the site of the 2014 Olympics.

6. In Circassia, people are still deprived of basic human rights and freedoms, virtues that are far more important than grand stadiums, gold medals, and the celebration of the Olympics.

7. Dmitri Kozak, Deputy Prime Minister of Russia, stated, "no money will be spent in the Caucasus." Russia would rather spend billions in building stadiums instead of fixing infrastructure and boosting the economy of the North Caucasus. The indigenous people will not benefit financially.

8. Four years before the Olympics, protestors are being detained, vocal demonstrators have disappeared, and local inhabitants have been forcefully removed without consent and given meager compensation.

9. The Sochi region faces an ecosystem habitat catastrophe. Sochi venues would be built in the protective belt of the

Caucasus Nature Reserve, which is part of a protected UNESCO World Heritage Site.

10. Circassians in the North Caucasus do not hold the same rights as ethnic Russians.

11. Russia has never acknowledged the indigenous Circassians of Sochi in any of their Public Relations surrounding the Olympics. Moscow is deluding the global community of Sochi's true history.

12. Circassians within the borders of Russia, as well as the Diaspora, cannot freely visit Sochi. Everyone is invited to the Olympics except for the indigenous people.

13. Archeological sites dating back to 10,000 BCE are being destroyed for Olympic venues, without any regard for their historical value.

14. It is immoral to hold an Olympics that promotes peace and international cooperation through sport in a hypocritical country like Russia. They have recognized the genocides committed against other peoples, but Russia continues to ignore the genocide they committed against Circassians.

This article was published at nosochi2014.com and is reprinted with permission.

Afghan Street Children Beg for Change

by Kathy Kelly

Kabul, Afghanistan is “home” to hundreds of thousands of children who have no home. Many of them live in squalid refugee camps with families that have been displaced by violence and war. Bereft of any income in a city already burdened by high rates of unemployment, families struggle to survive without adequate shelter, clothing, food or fuel. Winter is especially hard for refugee families. Survival sometimes means sending their children to work on the streets, as vendors, where they often become vulnerable to well organized gangs that lure them into drug and other criminal rings.

Last year, the Afghan Peace Volunteers (APV), a group of young Afghans who host me and other internationals when we visit their home in Kabul, began a program to help street children enrol in schools. They befriend small groups of children, get to know the children’s families and circumstances, and then reach agreements with the families that if the children are allowed to attend school and reduce their working hours on the streets, the APVs will compensate the families, supplying them with oil and rice. Next, the APVs buy warm clothes for each child and invite them to attend regular classes at the APV home to learn the alphabet and math.

Yesterday, Abdulhai and Hakim met a young boy, Safar, age 13, who was working as a boot polisher on a street near the APV home. Abdulhai asked to shake Safar’s hand, but the child refused. Understandably, Safar may have feared Abdulhai. But when Abdulhai and Hakim told Safar there were foreigners at the APV office who were keen to help, he followed them into our yard.

Sitting next to me, indoors, Safar continued shaking from the cold. We noticed that he had an angry red welt across his right cheek. Safar said that the previous day he had tried to warm his hands over an outdoor bar-b-que grill, and the cook hit him across the face with a red hot skewer to shoo him away. Safar clutched a half-filled small plastic Coca-Cola bottle in his hands. Asked why he was drinking cold soda on such a cold day, he said that he had a headache.

He was wearing a hoodie, light pants, and plastic slippers. He had no socks or gloves-- hardly adequate attire for working outside in the bitter cold all day. On a “good” day, Safar can earn 150 Afghanis, a sum that amounts to \$3.00 and could purchase enough bread for a family of seven and perhaps have some left over to purchase clothes.

Abdulhai and Hakim asked Safar to come back the next day with some of his friends. One hour later, he arrived

with five friends, two Pashto boys and three Tajiks, ranging in age from 13 to 5. The children promised to return the next day with more youngsters.

And so this morning seven street children filed into the APV home. None of them wore socks and all were shivering. Their eyes were gleaming as they nodded their heads, assuring us that they want to join APV’s street kids program.

Here in Kabul, a city relatively better off than most places in Afghanistan, we have electricity every other day. When the pipes freeze and there’s no electricity, we have no water. Imagine the hardships endured by people living with far less. Even in the United States, thousands of children’s basic needs aren’t met. The *New York Times* recently reported that there are 22,000 homeless children living in New York City.

Thinking of how the U.S. has used its resources here in Afghanistan, where more than a trillion has been spent on maintaining war and occupation, I feel deep shame. In 2014, the U.S. will spend 2.1 million dollars for every U.S. soldier stationed in Afghanistan. Convoys travel constantly between U.S. military bases, transporting large amounts of fuel, food and clean water -- luxury items to people living in refugee camps along their routes - often paying transportation tolls to corrupt officials, some of whom are known to head up criminal gangs.

Even so, the inspiring activities of my young Afghan friends fuel a persistent hope. Heavy coverlets, called duvets, are bulging out of several storage rooms in the APV home. Talented young women have coordinated “the duvet project,” now in its second year, involving 60 women who produce a total of 600 duvets every two weeks for distribution to impoverished families. The seamstresses are paid for each duvet they make. In a society where women have few if any economic opportunities, this money can help women put food on the table and shoes on their children’s feet. The women equally represent three of the main ethnic divisions here in Kabul, -- Hazara, Pashto, and Tajik -- an example that people can work together toward common goals. The young people work hard to develop similarly equal distribution amongst the neediest of families. Today they delivered 200 duvets to a school for blind children. Later in the day they will hike up the



mountainside to visit widows who have no income.

This afternoon, two dozen young girls will be compensated for embroidering 144 blue scarves that proclaim “Borderfree” in Dari and English. The blue scarves, which are now being distributed in various parts of the world, symbolize the reality that there’s one blue sky above us. Activists in numerous peace and justice campaigns have been wearing the blue scarves.

Here in Kabul, our young friends gathered together on the evening of the winter solstice for music and celebration. At one point, they sat quietly, their faces illuminated by candle light, as each person in the circle said what they hoped would change, in the coming year, to help bring the world closer to peace. The visions danced -- I hope children will be fed... I hope we won’t buy or sell weapons... I hope for forgiveness.

The light shines in the darkness, and the darkness has not overcome it. The collective yearning and longing of children who deserve a better world may yet affect hearts and minds all over the world, prompting people to ask why do we make wars? Why should people who already have so much amass weapons that protect their ability to gain more?

I hope we will join Afghanistan’s children in begging for change.

Kathy Kelly co-coordinates Voices for Creative Nonviolence (www.vcnv.org). In Kabul, she is a guest of the Afghan Peace Volunteers (www.ourjournetytosmile.com). This article is republished with Kathy’s permission.

I have a voice. And I intend to use it.

by Jack Barker

Since emigrating to Canada, I’ve become interested in indigenous peoples’ (also called First Nations) rights. At the end of a really interesting mini conference about First Nations’ issues, they were letting members of the audience go up to the microphone to make comments. I felt I had something to say. But would it come out the way I planned it in my head? I stood up and walked over to the microphone, more worried about muddling my words than the fact I may stutter. “I have a voice,” I thought to myself, “And I intend to use it.” And then I spoke:

“Thank you everyone for a really enlightening experience. I have learnt a lot these past two days and am armed with facts and knowledge about First Nations’ issues. I have only been in Canada for a year now but already feel more informed than some people I speak to, many who repeat tired misconceptions about ‘The Indians.’ Well we

will all know at least one person who is uninformed about these issues and I honestly believe that if every person here were to speak to just one person that we know, counter their misunderstandings then collectively we can make a big difference, and further progress can be made.”

Read more from Jack at redandgreenjack.blogspot.ca. Photo by Kevin Doyle: Jack and Robert Morales, Indigenous Human Rights & Aboriginal Rights Lawyer & Chief Negotiator at Hul’qumi’num Treaty Group.



Let’s Transfer Wealth from the 1%ers to the 99%ers

by Gerry Masuda

The vision of the 1%ers is the New World Order where the 1%ers control the wealth of the world and reduce We the 99%ers to serfs to continue to be milked of all the wealth we produce.

I also have a vision. It is that We the 99%ers use our overwhelming 99% of voters to vote in our own People’s Government. This government will correct the current mal-distribution of wealth between the 1%ers and We the 99%ers.

This mal-distribution could be corrected by rolling back the income tax cuts to the rich, funding government services and programs (including infrastructure projects), and reducing income taxes for the 99%ers to a nominal percentage.

The redistribution of wealth would provide a strong stimulus to the economy by increasing demand and putting more money into circulation.

This vision would not be achievable immediately but it provides clear direction towards which We the People and our People’s Government can move towards. The vision could also help mobilize the 99%er politically behind their Government due to the benefits they will receive.

It is only right that the wealth generated in our rich country be shared by all.

Magic (aka Privilege) Comes With A Price

by Kym Hothead

There is a series on the Internet I've been watching with my daughter called *Once Upon A Time*. The premise is Snow White, Prince Charming and other fairy tale characters are magically brought to a horrible place where they cannot use magic, so they think. That place is our time, this world. The first thing you learn is that Snow White's step mom is the daughter of an "evil witch." Keep in mind "witches" were merely pagan healers re-categorized by Roman Colonialists. She curses them. The only two who would remember their true identities in this new world were that "evil witch" (aka the Mayor), and Rumpelstiltskin (contract guy/all powerful death dealer) who owns the town. One of the lessons is "Magic always comes with a price." It's a warning that the series drives home well.

Replace magic with the word privilege. Each of us has probably had some privilege handed to us and it came with a price. No matter who we are or what our status. I would argue this, anyways. I have seen privileges on the street fought for, lives lost in working class, middle class and working poor outlaw families over privileges not shared, the list of examples go on for as long as we have had to share. Oh, and do we ever have to share.

We are living in a fairy tale in so much as we are lied to since birth and have a story drilled into us. The core of that story is that the only options we have are the ones civilization colonialism has given us, as opposed to nature's plans and options. We are told why we must go off to fight wars, like in fairytales we are up against trolls in terms of inequality. Goliath has David adding new tools in this so called battle of "earth kingdom": wrenches and road blocks!

The judicial system runs like it has bad magic running it and there seems no way out except to obey unjust laws and stay out of harm's reach of the thugs that hold up the colonial state. The police. Yes there are good hearted people who become police and they work night and day to follow their hearts, trust me, ask local "good cops" and if they can they will tell you about that fine line they walk.

You will find me on earth, and if that day comes and we blow this whole thing up, I'll see you out there, in space, back to where we came from. As now, I am One with Life thus the universe and know this to be true. Believe whatever punitive judgmental Salvationist religion you want, pick any and you will be swimming upstream against crowds divided.

Years ago as a young naïve born again Christian I had a vision during a hate talk aka evangelical sermon by Brian Rudd, the vision was of the ship Jonah was on, an old testament character who was told by the god of the Israelites to go where his people were enslaved and let them know the good news of their up and coming redemption. You know the story maybe, the ship begins to break up. Stop there. It was divide and rule in action, driven by fear like we are now. I saw many religions and people and they were divided by walls, right beside them, walls. The ship began to fall apart, was going to sink. Then, a whale swallowed Jonah and saved his ass only to spew him to earth whereby he was alone in a hot sun, god gave him a tree and its shade to rest under; then, god brought a worm to eat up that tree when Jonah got too comfortable so that got his butt moving. He had work to do. He was gonna get himself jailed for loudly proclaiming to slaves in public that their redemption was coming and would they please just rise up out of those bonds

and follow Jonah to their homeland? Alrighty then, how do you think the slave drivers of the day would react to a Jewish male walking freely in and telling their Jewish slaves that they should get up and follow Jonah or their god was gonna be pissed off.

Insurgents. Rome had to deal with them as well. I have believed for years now that Jesus was a revolutionary insurgent, an anarchist really. He was the Son of God. Cannot both be true? It's what I gleaned in regards to the bible and his/herstorical facts that were messed with by those in positions of power.

Remember, power comes with a price. What price are you paying for the privileges you experience? Why is working a shitty job said to be a privilege and we should just eat it? Going to another country to make war so that we in Canada can drive cars is not a privilege but a crime against humanity. What price are you willing to pay? Have you really thought about your future generations? Has fear kept you from dreaming for your children and grandchildren? Where do you have privilege? Whom do you share it with? Why? Privilege comes with a price, that price is divide and rule oppression, are you ok with divide and rule economics, the one which you are currently living under the reigns of?

If you are not actively sharing power and privileges with those who do not have power or privileges, then you are living off the avails of others' oppression and helping keep us all living in a painful civilization, which is dying.

I get so frustrated with system. Like Napoleon in Napoleon Dynamite, you'll find me going "Argghh," with fists clenched and a wee stomp on the spot as I am impatient with this violent painful system we hold up, as people working sick unhealthy jobs in order to pay rent, get health needs met or eat are suffering and making Life itself suffer as well.

It's kind of embarrassingly honest. I've been asked what helped me?

I got my education from radical feminists who developed the original Anti Oppression 101 workshops. They taught me about how people of color and poor were allies, I learned that poverty had its roots in this colonial system and we were oppressed. They tried to teach me about privilege, it took me awhile since I felt like I never had any in my whole life! I urge you to please enroll in an Anti Oppression 101 workshop, it can help our community's strengthen and move forward thru the oncoming crisis we all must face. We all can face our fears together and smash down stereotypes that are meant to divide thus rule while we fight over scraps the Big Guy throws down to the ground for us dogs, and we fight.

CTEHV (the original Committee To End Homelessness Victoria) is offering and beginning to run Anti Oppression 101 workshops as a regular series, if folks want it you can sign up.

I have found each time I do a series it helps me tremendously, I look forward to attending and please get a hold of us thru our website at ctehv.wordpress.com. I also invite you to check out my blog, on the ctehv website! I'd love you all to comment more and ask me questions I might be able to answer, it helps us grow when we hear from each other. It takes a village, after all.

respect ...

kym hothead hines is a visitor on Lkwungen WSÁNEĆ Territories

A Christmas Eve to Remember

by cyann ray



They say let sleeping dogs lie, but I woke up my puppy at a quarter to midnight on Christmas eve for a late night stroll to the Legislative Building. Along with poop bags and a flash light, I was also packing a candle. We were heading for a memorial.

I'm a huge fan of Reverend Al Tysick since meeting him almost 20 years ago. Although I've lived a life of poverty, I've never been homeless or had to rely on food banks. I am one of the "lucky" poor. I know of so many who have suffered and died while struggling with a far deeper level of poverty. Reverend Al has devoted his life to helping those poor folks.

As we approached the lit up Legislature, I saw Reverend Al with a handful of people. He began walking towards me with that infectious smile of his and those big, open arms for hugging. Just what I needed. The Christmas season is not always a joyous time. And this evening adventure truly brightened my spirit and made my "holiday."

After the hug, Reverend Al pulled a box from his pocket and offered me a "heart." The box was full of stained glass hearts ... I chose a red one. As each person arrived, they were offered one of these hearts. Reverend Al made them from bits of glass salvaged from the old Open Door.

Gradually, about 50 people gathered and a circle was created. We all held candles and stood silently for 13 minutes ... one for each province/territory (my puppy managed only 10 minutes). We were honouring all those souls who slipped away while living that hard life of abject poverty across our country.

I've lost many friends on these Victoria streets and I thought of each and every one of them during those long, silent minutes. I slowly looked around the circle hoping to find a familiar face. Kym Hothead was there, but other than he and Reverend Al, I was surrounded by strangers. Yet I felt a sense of belonging.

Reverend Al has always referred to his flock as family. I was surprised and a little disappointed that I saw none of this family there. I guess by midnight, those folks must have secured a sleeping spot for the night. It was chilly and I was grateful that my warm, safe bed was waiting for me after this gathering.

The Christmas season is one of unnecessary abundance. The "non-poor" are out shopping like crazy, whether they can afford it or not. That's what credit cards are for. And although the holiday spirit often spurs folks into an overwhelming generosity which so many depend upon and are grateful for, it's temporary ... fleeting. A few frenzied weeks of free dinners and warm clothes handouts and things return to "normal."

I've been blessed with a wonderful family and a lifetime of fruitful holiday seasons. I get the dinners without having to wait in a line-up. And I am able to stay warm all winter. Of course I'm grateful. But some years, like this one, my heart is not into celebrating. My only child spent Christmas with her new hubby and his family, far, far away. And it was the first Christmas without my dear, ol' Dad who passed a few months back. My new pup is a delight and keeps me busy but has yet to fill that black hole in my heart that my late dog Slick left behind.

Walking to the Legislature late night Christmas Eve, I felt a spring in my usually laboured step. My heart was lifting knowing I was about to see Reverend Al, knowing I was about to participate in something much bigger than me and my problems. I am always humbled by such events and leave with a greater appreciation of what I have. "Things could be worse" has been my motto for years. They could be a lot better too and maybe this is the year that will happen.

All I know for sure is that standing in that circle, with the red and green sparkle of the Legislature Christmas lights, surrounded by like-minded strangers holding candles, illuminating a common passion ... it was the best place to be on Christmas Eve.

Reverend Al's familiar, loving presence, his warm, welcoming hug and smile and the homemade glass heart tucked into my pocket as I walked home with my tired puppy ... this was the highpoint of my "holidays."

ghosts of the machine

i am damn weak ... as i always have to do
we looked for different leads ... that
simply wouldn't bring us to a where
like the empty talk of the supposed elite
.... who spoke of we, me and you ... more
untruths

all our beliefs, most of our hopes, kid
ourselves ... no ... can be lain in a sinking
pool now ... down ... at the very bottom of
the sleeping seabed quietly drowned ...
every single piece of the ripped off lives

the one the only reality we can now hold
tight to ... yes ... we'll do, we insist we do,
hold onto ... nothing more ... than this
truth of the knowing ... of the still burning
dreams and questions in our heart
the rules ...

in this hyper accelerated city

in our expanding outward and inward
globalized societies

in this digitized now world where
everything is unmodern before you have
a chance to know it

in this electronic blackhole decade as i
grow older and more tired

... are to listen to the universal rules of my
soul ... listen ... listen ... listen ... as the
blood pumps through my veins ...
pushing ... listen ...

photos: Stefano Leonardi
written piece: S. Lai



In the Eye of the Beholder

A pack of people walking down the
street create a swarm that is not so
warm. Look for a scapegoat to hate,
to reflect their own negative energy
and misery. Isn't that person an
ugly geek or nerd! How appalling,
how absurd! It happens in school,
that is NOT cool! When everyone
should be taught the golden rule.

People that are different and others
that are not chasing the money and
media trash schemes might receive
nasty jeers and no beers. Ugly is
hatred, violence, bigotry, fear,
greed, pride, ignorance, bitterness,
selfishness, and war is the ultimate
whore.

Everything is beautiful, Ray Stevens
exclaimed, and what the Love
generation proclaims. Beauty is
sharing the love from god brought,
our forefathers and mothers that
molded our nations. And it shall
prevail. Real love blooms and
flourishes and wipes away the hate.
Go for the love and beauty and soar
like a dove and feel the creators'
power and love.

Mark Idczak



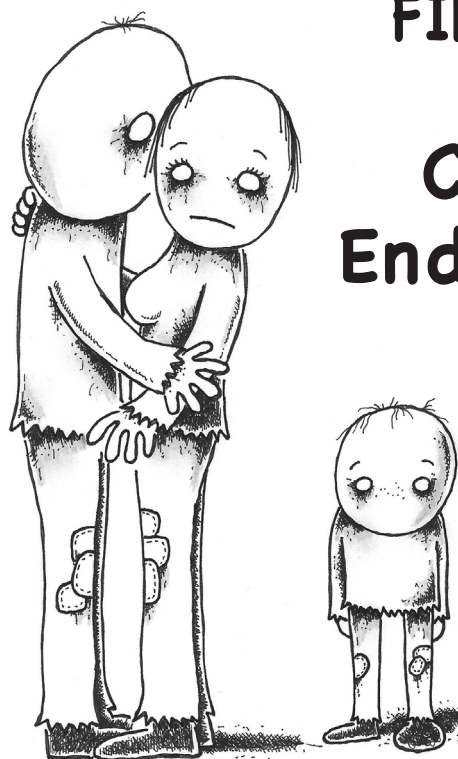
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Week 2 at Our Place Chapel, 1:30-3:00 pm
Week 3 at Silver Threads, 7-8:30 pm
Week 4 at Silver Threads, 7-8:30 pm
Week 5 at Silver Threads, 7-8:30 pm

Everyone is welcome!

Check us out at
ctehv.wordpress.com



© Janne
Karlsson

one long, cold night

3 a.m.

January Rains in waves without spare change for a HOT coffee and god

I can't even sleep to escape ...
This Nightmare where everything good or worthwhile seems STOLEN

My expectation is SILENCE like the hard, gray lick of cement,

then HE kissed my hand and asked,
"is it a woman who drove you here?"

I had not thought of that and said so.
Not really,
Though of course she was on my mind, but
Not as much as Progeny hugging my thigh

Here they were without names,
Or even a form I could yet decipher
In That Black Night

And, as cold as it is at that pace;
As long as a Day and a Night and a Day without sleep ...
I am not homeless here. Progeny see to that;
Their thin comfort keeps me alive

"I'm just a fuck-up," HE said.
And I replied,
"maybe you are and maybe you aren't, only you know that for sure."

by gordon hawkins

The amazing and awesome Street Newz Vendor Team



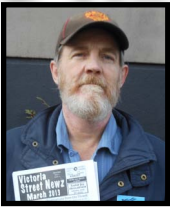
Bernie
Beacon Hill



Bernie
Esquimalt



Craig
London Drugs



Danny
Fort/Foul Bay



Debby
James Bay



Doug
Fort St.



For information about
joining this team
contact **John**
at 250-886-5863
or visit his "office"
near Fort on Douglas St.



Delisle
Fort St. at Yates



Evelyn
Cook St. Village



Richard
Douglas near Fort



Rose



Ted
Gov't Street



Trish
Royal Oak

Thank you for
supporting
independent
media. May money
from the sale of
this newspaper be
used for peace,
and pass through
healing hands.

Where Your \$\$\$\$ Goes



Vendors pay 50
cents for each
Street Newz .

Whatever you
give them is
theirs to keep.



	Nov	Dec	Jan
Street Newz Revenue			
Paper Sales (from previous mth)	253.50	295.00	267.00
Donations	70.00	0.00	280.00
Subscriptions	80.00	0.00	120.00
Gifts (incl in-kind)	40.00	40.00	150.00
Co-ordinator's Contribution	380.38	102.75	10.21
Bread & Roses Donation to SNZ	800.00	800.00	800.00
Total Street Newz Revenue	1623.88	1237.75	1627.21
Street Newz Expenses			
Salaries	800.00	800.00	800.00
Paper & Printing Costs	327.60	236.25	327.60
Postage	70.53	53.75	52.11
Office expenses/website	150.00	65.00	65.00
Vendor/Writer Meetings/Support	145.75	102.75	47.50
Ttl Street Newz Expenses	1493.88	1257.75	1292.21
Street Newz	130.00	-20.00	335.00
Bread & Roses Revenue			
Grant \$	0.00	0.00	0.00
Total Bread & Roses Revenue	0.00	0.00	0.00
Bread & Roses Expenses			
Street Newz Donation	800.00	800.00	800.00
Ttl Bread & Roses Expenses	800.00	800.00	800.00
Bread & Roses	-800.00	-800.00	-800.00
Consolidated Ttl (SNZ + B&R)	-670.00	-820.00	-465.00
Bread & Roses Bank Balance	6687.58	6597.58	5198.14

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